

# THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES. VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 19, 1896.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4.

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*Cling to the flying hours, and yet  
Let one pure hope, one great desire,  
Like song on dying lips be set,—  
That e'er we fall in scattered fire  
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.*

*Here in these Autumn months of time,  
Before the great New Year shall break,  
Some little way our feet should climb,  
Some little mark our hands should make,  
For liberty and manhood's sake.*

EDMUND GOSSE.

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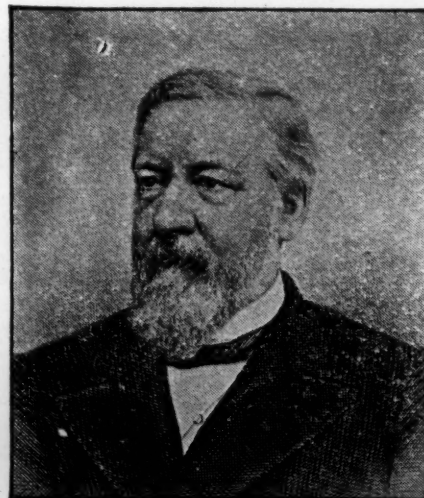
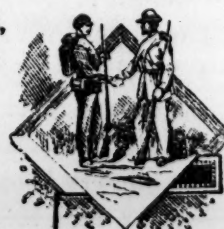
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# THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME IV.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1896.

NUMBER 12.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

## Editorial.

*Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way  
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!  
From darkness and from sorrow of the night  
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.  
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,  
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light.*

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

The magazine number of the *Outlook* for October 31 contains an interesting and timely article on "William Morris' Factory," in which Ashbee's prophetic statement is verified, "It is only in the reconstructed workshops that we may hope to find our citizen perfected in heart and hand and head." It shows that the first condition of happy and profitable artisanship is good air, reasonable hours and reasonably sure pay.

A correspondent, speaking of the meeting of the Middle States Unitarian Conference at Rochester last week, says: "We had a delightful meeting, culminating in a discussion of the possibilities of a Parliament of Religions for the state of New York, and a committee was appointed to look into the feasibility of the same." We rejoice in this practical reaching towards the ideal which called the Congress into being. The riper new York and the wiser East, when they come to the vision and take up the task, will carry it to more successful issues than we of the less wealthy and consequently the less leisurely West possibly can.

An organization with the long name of "The Chicago Kindergarten College Union," is planning for a series of six meetings for the discussion of topics of practical interest to parents, the first of which is to be held this week, the topic being "The Boy—Shall We Whip Him?" a question which perhaps it is well to recognize, even at this day, may have two sides to it. Certainly not all parental cruelty is confined to the

manipulation of the hand. The modern child suffers much from the tongue of some advanced mothers, who substitute the perplexities of logic for the benign command in which the child may well rest at times and for a while.

THE NEW UNITY may be a little tardy, but it is not at all lukewarm in its congratulations to the editor of the *Christian Register* over the painful responsibility that the confiding public rolled upon him on election day. Samuel J. Barrows is another one of the few ministers who are permitted to make laws as well as to interpret them. When with the next Congress he takes his seat as a representative of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, we will always look for his vote on the right side and his word in the interest of humane and progressive things. May he do his work so well that when he is through with this task he may be asked to come up higher. Then it will be "Senator Barrows from Massachusetts."

A recent number of the *Christian Register* makes wise comment concerning the recent fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of ether as an aid to surgery. The article concludes with the following wise words:

"Whatever value we may ascribe to the services of modern 'mind-healers,' so called, the growth of modern surgery is itself a supreme illustration of the application of mind and faith to the cure of disease. Undoubtedly, medical science is yet to make advances in the application of psychical forces to physical diseases; but any form of modern sectarianism, whether under the name of 'faith-healing,' 'mind-healing,' or 'Christian science,' which discards or ignores the developments of modern surgery is faithless and mindless, we had almost said heartless."

Our readers will be greatly interested in the important announcements of last Sunday, made at the People's Church and the Kenwood Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Henceforth, F. B. Vrooman, whom the Illinois Synod recently pronounced not worthy of Presbyterian fellowship, for theological reasons, is to become associate pastor with Dr. Thomas. The growing work of the People's Church and the somewhat declining strength of Dr. Thomas have made this step necessary. Dr. Thomas will continue to preach five months of the year. The rest of the time he hopes to spend in evangelical work in the interest of liberal thought and the Congress ideal, largely in the South and West. It is hoped that Mr. Vrooman, in the full vigor of youth, will be able to greatly extend the functions of the People's Church in many directions. While sharing in the regret which must be felt by many of Dr. Thomas' old hearers over the cause that compels him to be prudent, we rejoice in this unexpected extension of his power, the new opportunity that opens up before the president of the congress and the larger life that must spring

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therefrom, and we welcome most cordially Mr. Vrooman into the fellowship we have long since felt he belonged to. There is place for Presbyterianism still in the world and Presbyterianism has its message to many but it is not a message native to the present head and heart of Mr. Vrooman. His soul has caught the vision of broader, and may we hope deeper, things than can be rimmed by the Presbyterian creed however interpreted or the Presbyterian fellowship however elastic.

The *Kindergarten Magazine* for November is made an exceedingly valuable one by the leading article by Amalie Hofer on "The Chicago Normal Training School," which she calls "a dream come true." This is the present name of the Cook County Normal, made famous through the presidency of the much admired, much feared, much abused, perhaps, in some quarters, much hated, Colonel Parker. This school has for years been one of the most interesting experimental stations in pedagogy in the world. Here, as elsewhere, of course, experiments have had their percentage of failures, or at least have failed to realize the maximum expectations of some, but this article shows how much has been done and what good work is being done. The article contains the fullest sketch of the life of Col. Parker that we have seen, with interesting sketches and admirable portraits of perhaps a dozen of his associates.

Again comes the discouraging news from Paris that recent fashion plates setting forth the coming "styles" show that four out of five bonnets display a bird. A Chicago paper, in an editorial on this subject, confesses that the appeal to the humane impulses of women in this direction has proven a failure; that the great majority of American women, as well as European women, will pass by the fifth bonnet and select one with the bird, so long as the tyrant dictator at Paris, Dame Fashion, so decrees. The same paper is authority that it cost nearly ten million lives of beautiful creatures in this one season to gratify woman's wicked love of style. For ten years humanitarian forces have been combating this wicked denudation of nature. Must the battle be given over? Does not economic science, the interests of the farmer justify the interference of law? Where is the state legislature that will this winter dare enact a law prohibiting the wearing of birds or any product from the plumage thereof as decorations, fixing the penalty for the first offense at ten dollars, the second offense twenty dollars, the third offense six months' imprisonment or some similar provision? We believe that the state that will venture such enactment will receive the plaudits of the intelligent world and will be followed by others. Our statute books are replete with laws to protect the birds from the wanton depredations of man. Why should women be exempt? We may not catch the hunter, but the bonnet is always in evidence against the wearer. If this is suppressed the hunting will cease.

### Realizing God.

There is one route that leads most surely to the central sanctities of being which reveals most impressively the divine presence, and that is the road that leads

through the holy chambers of the great "I Ought," the overwhelming vision of duty,

"Sometimes I have an awful thought  
That bids me do the thing I ought;  
It comes like wind, it burns like flame,  
How shall I give that thought a name?  
It draws me like a loving kiss—  
My soul says, There is more than this."

The stones, the stars, the quiet night, the radiant morning, were on the mountain top before Jacob came. God and his angels were ever there, but never until the vision came through the awakened conscience, not until the blush of shame answered back the sunrise, not until conscience struggled upwards through the cloud of guilt and meanness, was the divine presence felt imperatively. The thinker may refuse to predicate ought of the primal cause. The lover may say, "God to me is not necessary, life is sweet enough without," but the criminal, the besotted, knows there is that which burns him with a sense of shame, which inspires him to try to do better, which lures him in his blackest moments to whitest thoughts. Ask the martyr wearing the crown of flame if there be a God, and he says yes, for the inward calm which comes when duty is well done carries with it a heavenly reassurance. Doubt if you will at all other times, but when you see a whole country rushing with intense eagerness to danger; when beardless boys and peaceful men vie with each other in deeds of self-denial on the death line; when you see the slave rising up with pride to defend the flag of freedom; when you see men and women painfully doing through weary years the very things they did not want to do because it is right; aye, more, when you see men and women cold and indifferent to great issues, sleeping when the Lord, as in a visible glory, ought to shine about them as a pillar of duty, and see the cause of right and truth prosper in spite of these; when you see progress riding them down, sweeping over their wealth, their culture, their social position, then you know there is a divine reality in the universe making for righteousness. In the revelation of conscience, in the triumphs of the human will, in the apotheosis of duty, God becomes a veritable presence, a near reality.

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God" is the ultimate stronghold of theism.

We cannot prove him. We may not demonstrate him. There are no logical steps that lead from finiteness into infinity. The part may not comprehend the whole. But there is order profound. There is beauty inexpressible. There is goodness incalculable. There is human nobility that gilds with glory the meanest and darkest remnants of the race, and there is that which tugs at the heart of man, drawing him toward what is excellent. It impels the soul toward things hard and painful and these are strands in the one cord that binds all things, forces, times and worlds in one. We dare call this by the best, the greatest, the holiest names that human lips can articulate. Hence, in the vigor and reverence of our Saxon speech we will say God, meaning the same unspeakable reality men in India would call Brahm, in Arabia Allah, in Ancient Greece Zeus, knowing that all names fail, as all symbols are inadequate.

Is He personal? That, or more. Is personality



something rimmed, something limited? Then God is something more and not less than personal. If personality is the self-centered potency, the unconditioned reality, the eternal source, the unfailing destiny of all life, then He is personal, and we are less than persons. It is we that are fractional. The word "anthropomorphic," the man-shaped God is not to be feared so long as we remember that we must see and feel and hear and think through our human organizations. Raising all these to their infinite potency we have the best symbol within our reach of that infinitude that leads still beyond and above.

*Is He good?* If so, why the pain, the injustice, the trouble, the selfish crush, the silent death? The fountain cannot rise higher than its source. Whatever of goodness we feel and see; whatever of goodness has written itself into the lasting records of mankind; whatever of tenderness, of loyalty, has revealed itself from dog to man, from saint to savior, is in Him and of Him. That cannot be evolved that is not first involved, and if so much is known, how much more must be in the unknown, for we have mastered only the a-b ab of the universe. And, still farther, if pain is the transient and joy the permanent element even in our lives; if the immortality of truth is argued by the mortality of error, then is there more good than we know of, more love than we can measure. The good we know, the love we have, hint at the immensity and the eternity of the goodness and the love we know not of, but in which we trust. "And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?"

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

*Will we pray to Him?* We will not mock His omnipotence with our finite teasing. We would not dare if we could bend the mighty sweep of his law to our petty wishes. Who would venture, if he could, to interfere with a ray of sunlight, hasten or retard by a moment the rising or the setting of the sun, or lift, if he could, the tide on the beach one foot nearer to the moon than is her passionless demand? If, when sorely pressed, we, with Robert Falconer, out of the selfishness of pain cry in our distress, "Lord have mercy upon me," we will seek the quick sanity and manliness of Robert with the corrective that shot out of his heart, "Na, I wouldna ha'e thee love me if tha' do na love ilka body." But prayer is not interference. Prayer, in its essence, is itself a law. It is the high art of wishing. It is the holy exercise of our spiritual wings. It is climbing, not begging. It is the most manly of manly acts. It is the inevitable condition of law. Prayer is the breath of the spirit. Thus understood, Tennyson is right when he said,

"The whole round world is bound by golden chains to the feet of God."

*How pray?* Any way, every way, by word, by song, by deed, in silence, in secret, in unison, in grand chorus. Rubinstein pours his soul out in prayer at the piano. Fra Angelico painted his pictures on his knees. St. Cecilia breathed her worship into song. In some way or another the soul must know the delights, the solemnities, the chastening power of wishing. Not knowing

this is to remain like Giotto's tower, "wanting still the completeness of the spire." Words are not prayers. No more are words thoughts. But thoughts become clear, potent, growing in the effort to house themselves in words and so singly and socially the emancipated soul will in the future, as in the past, delight in some forms of prayer that will be the worship of aspiring souls, the climbing effort of the human heart.

### Capacity Versus Gift.

I am getting more and more overwhelmed and put to it every day with the certainty that children are made up of two things, gifts and capacities. Now a gift is a power all rigged up and put in operation, while a capacity is only a power in a dormant state that it remains for this world to develop. What we build schools for is these capacities, and our schools take no notice whatever of the gifts. And I am satisfied we are generally doing about the same thing at our homes. The result is the child's gift is not only not allowed room for, but is paralyzed and generally killed. It is the chief object of much education to trim down, pare out, get rid of all that a child really is by birth, and just take his barely common humane traits and train them by a set curriculum.

Anyone who has four or five boys and girls will, after a while, if at all thoughtful and considerate, wake up with a start to the fact that, do his best, each one is more peculiar than he is otherwise; that the child is born with not a mere bias or set of biases, but a large amount of positive instructive gifts. "Christ's glory was his gift for helping others." These things we see in old people, and we say very easily that one of our friends has a gift for preaching; another for being a physician and healer; another a marvelous gift for oratory, and so on. But in the boys and girls these are not looked for as most important. I am coming to believe that they are most important; that what I am most responsible for is the encouragements of the spontaneities in the youngsters. Here is one born to comprehend tools. There is for him no paper like the *Scientific American*. I do not comprehend the working of that brain of his. Involuntarily he sees through machinery; constructs machinery. I am of the book age. Literature seems to me the glorious thing of the world. I can see that to him Homer is not one-half as grand as Ulysses. Strabinnus! Perhaps not. Who owns this age? Who runs it? The illiterate Vanderbilts. But one in a dozen Vanderbilts reverts and is born with book power, and literary likings. Looking over the world's greatest men, they all appear as spontaneities. The ages in which they lived did not fail to try to convert them to the common run. When our schools end in dead-leveling the youth they will be our greatest curse. I asked a man why he had selected a private in preference to a public school and he answered, the discipline is better. The boys are brought under military drill. The mental drill is also more exact. I said that is the best word for our public schools I ever heard. If they will let our young folk alone in some degree they are all the more to be valued. Heaven save us from a vast educational system such as the "Committee of Ten" and the "Committee of Fifteen" wish to institute. If boys and girls had only the capacities and more of the gifts such educational systems would be tolerable. I read their reports and I am convinced they think of all young folks as we consider platoons of soldiers.

E. P. P.



## The Liberal Congress.

*Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.*

### The Eighth Psalm.

O Lord, our Lord, whose excellence  
Is over all the earth,  
Whose holy name is in the heavens,  
Where glory has its birth;  
From out the mouths of nursing babes  
Thou hast established strength,  
That all thy mightiest enemies  
Should feel thy power at length.

When I regard the moon and stars  
Whose courses Thou hast trained,  
The heavens, thy fingers' wondrous work,  
And all Thou hast ordained,—  
I ask my soul, O, what is man,  
Of vision short and dim,  
Or son of man, that Thou shouldst come  
To bless and visit him?

Yet Thou hast made him brave and strong,  
With truth and honor crowned:  
Yea, only lower than his God,  
His royal place is found.  
Dominion vast Thou gavest him  
O'er all things that have birth,  
That fly the air, or swim the sea,  
Or dwell upon the earth.

Thou hast put all beneath his feet:  
What wondrous power and fame!  
O Lord, our Lord, in all the world  
How excellent is thy name!

And now to Him who held the throne  
Ere worlds or time begun,  
Be praise and glory evermore,  
While time its course shall run.

Keosauqua, Iowa.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

### The Come-Outer.

BY ELBERT HUBBARD.

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The Mennonite, Dunkard, Shaker, Oneida Communist, Mormon and Quaker are all the same people, varying only according to environment. They are all Come-Outers.

They turn to plain clothes, hard work, religious thought, eschewing the pomps and vanities of the world,—all for the same reasons. Scratch any one of them and you will find the true type. The monk of the early Middle Ages was the same man: his peculiarity being an extreme asceticism, that caused him to count sex a mistake on the part of God. And this same question has been a stumbling block for ages to the type we now have under the glass. A man who gives the question of sex too much attention is apt either to have no wife at all or else four or five. If a Franciscan friar of the olden time glanced at a clothesline on which, gaily waving in the wanton winds, was a smock frock, he wore peas in his sandals for a month and a day. The Shaker does not count woman out, because the founder of the sect was a woman, but he is a complete celibate and depends on Gentiles to populate the earth. The Dunkard quotes St. Paul and marries because he must, but regards romantic love as a thing of which Deity is jealous, and also a bit ashamed. The Oneida Communist clung to the same thought, and to obliterate selfishness held women in common, tracing pedigree after the manner of ancient Sparta, through the female line, because there was no other way. The Mormon adopted polygamy. He lived in a desert and concluded that the best way to grow in numbers was to increase in the natural method.

The Quakers have often discarded a distinctive marriage ceremony, thus slanting toward natural selection; and have for the most part looked with disfavor on passionate love. In the worship of Deity they separate their men from the women. And I am told that in one of the South American

states there is a band of Hicksite Quakers who have discarded the ceremony entirely, making marriage a private and personal contract between the man and woman—a sacred matter of conscience; and should the man and woman find after a trial that their mating was a mistake they are as free to separate as they were to marry, and no obloquy is attached in any event. Harriet Martineau, Quaker in sympathy, although not in name, being an independent fighter armed with a long squirrel rifle of marvelous range and accuracy, plead strongly and boldly for a law that would make divorce as free and simple as marriage. She once called marriage a mouse trap, and thereby sent shivers of surprise and indignation up a bishop's back.

But there is one thing among all these quasi-ascetic sects that has ever been in advance of the great mass of humanity from which they are detached parts; they have given woman her rights. Whereas, the mass has always prated, and does yet, mentioning it in statute law, that the male man has natural unalienable "rights" and the woman only such rights as are granted her by the males. And the reason of this wrong-headed attitude on part of the mob is plain. It rules by force, whereas the semi-ascetic sects desecry force, using only moral suasion, falling back on the Christ doctrine of non-resistance. This has given their women a chance to prove that they have just as able minds as men, if not better.

That these non-resistants are the salt of the earth none who know them can deny. It was the residents of the monasteries of the Middle Ages who kept learning and art from dying off the face of Europe. They built such churches and performed such splendid work in art that we are hushed into silence before the dignity of the ruins at Melrose, Dryburgh and Furness. There are no paupers among the Quakers, a "criminal class" is a thing no Mennonite understands, no Dunkard is a drunkard, the Oneida Communists were all well educated and in dollars passing rich, while the Mormons have accumulated wealth at the rate of over eleven hundred dollars per man per year, which is more than three times as good a record as can be shown by New York or Pennsylvania. And further, until the Gentiles bore down upon her, Utah had no use for either prisons, asylums or almshouses. Until the Gentiles crowded into Salt Lake City there was no "tenderloin district," no "dangerous class," no gambling "dives." Instead there was universal order, industry and sobriety. It is well to recognize the fact that the quasi-ascetic, possessed of a religious idea, persecuted to a point that holds him to his work, is the best type of citizen the world has ever known. Tobacco, strong drink, and opium alternately lull and excite, soothe and elevate, but always destroy, yet they do not destroy our ascetic, for he knows them not. He does not deplete himself by drugs, rivalry, strife or anger. He believes in co-operation, not competition. He works and prays; and keeps a good digestion, an even pulse, a clear conscience. And as man's true wants are very few, our subject grows rich and has not only ample supplies for himself, but is enabled to minister to others. He is earth's good Samaritan. It was Tolstoi and his daughter who started soup houses in Russia and kept famine at bay. Your true monk never passed by on the other side; ah, no! the business of the old-time priest was to do good. The Quaker is his best descendant,—he is the true philanthropist.

If jeered and hooted and finally oppressed these protesters will form a clan or sect and adopt a distinctive garb and speech. If persecuted they will hold together, as cattle on the prairies huddle against the storm. But if let alone the Law of Reversion to Type catches the second generation and the young men and maidens secrete millinery, just as birds do a brilliant plumage and the strange sect merges into and is lost in the mass. As Mr. Zangwill has stated, the Jews have remained a peculiar people simply because they have been proscribed.

The successful monk, grown rich and feeling secure, turns voluptuary and becomes the very thing that he renounced in his monastic vows. For in us all is the germ



of the thing we hate; we become like the thing we hate; we are the thing we hate. Inexpert bicyclists run into the thing they wish to avoid. The recognition of the principle herein suggested will explain why so many temperance fanatics are really only drunkards trying hard to keep sober. Ex-Quakers in Philadelphia, I am told, are very dressy people. And before a woman becomes an admitted non-Quakeress, the rough gray woolen dress shades off by almost imperceptible degrees into a dainty silken lilac, whose generous folds have a most peculiar and seductive rustle; the bonnet becomes smaller, and pertly assumes a becoming ruche, from under which steal forth daring, winsome little ringlets; while at the neck purest of cream-white kerchiefs cover closely the charms that a mere worldly woman might reveal. Then the demi-monde, finding themselves neglected, bribe the dressmakers and adopt the costume.

Thus does civilization, like the cyclone, move in spirals.

In a sermon preached in the City Temple, June 18, 1896, Doctor Joseph Parker said: "There it was—there! at Smithfield Market, a stone's throw from here, that Ridley and Latimer were burned. Over this spot the smoke of martyr fires hovered. And I pray for a time when they will hover here again. Aye, that is what we need! the rack, the gallows, chains, dungeons, fagots!"

Yes, those are his words, and it was two days before it came to me that Dr. Parker knew just what he was talking about. Persecution cannot stamp out virtue any more than man's efforts can obliterate matter. Man changes the form of things but he does not cancel their essence. And this is as true of the unseen attributes of spirit as it is of the elements of matter. Did the truths taught by Latimer and Ridley go out with the flames that crackled about their limbs? And were their names written for the last time in smoke? 'Twere vain to ask. The bishop who instigated their prosecution gave them certificates for immortality. But the bishop did not know it—bishops who persecute know not what they do.

Let us guess the result on Christianity if Jesus had been eminently successful, gathering about him with the years the strong and influential men of Jerusalem! Suppose he had fallen asleep at last of old age, and full of honors been carried to his own tomb patterned after that of Joseph of Arimathæa, but richer far—what then! And if Socrates had apologized and not drunk of the hemlock, how about his philosophy? And would Plato have written the *Phædo*?

No religion is pure except in its state of poverty and persecution; the good things of earth are our corrupters. All life is from the sun, but fruit too well loved of the sun falls first and rots. The religion that is fostered by the state and upheld by a standing army may be a pretty good religion but it is not the Christ religion, call you it "Christianity" never so loudly.

Martyr and persecutor are usually cut off the same piece. They are the same type of men; and looking down the centuries they seem often to have shifted places easily. As to which is persecutor and which is martyr is only a question of transient power. They are constantly teaching the trick to each other, just as scolding parents have saucy children. They are both good people; their sincerity cannot be doubted. Marcus Aurelius, the best emperor Rome ever knew, persecuted the Christians, while Caligula, Rome's worst emperor, didn't know there were any Christians in his dominion, and if he had known would not have cared. When men feel deeply enough to come out, others will feel deeply enough to try and bring the wanderers back.

The persecutor and martyr both belong to the cult known as "Muscular Christianity," the distinguishing feature of which is an appeal to force. We should respect it for the frankness of the name in which it delights, Muscular Christianity being a totally different thing from Christianity, which, smitten, turns the other cheek.

But the Quaker, best type of the non-resistant quasi-ascetic, is the exception that proves the rule; he may be persecuted, but he persecutes not again. He is the true type of primitive Christian. That the religion of Jesus was a purely reactionary movement, suggested by the snug com-

placency and voluptuous condition of the times, all thinking men agree. Where rich Pharisees adopt a standard of life that can only be maintained by devouring the widow's house and oppressing the orphan, the needs of the hour bring to the front a man who will swing the pendulum to the other side. When society plays tennis with truth, and pitch and toss with all the expressions of love and friendship, certain ones will confine their speech to yea, yea, and nay, nay. When men utter loud prayers on street corners, someone will suggest that the better way to pray is to retire to your closet and shut the door. When self-appointed rulers wear purple and scarlet and make broad their phylacteries someone will suggest that honest men adopt a simplicity of attire. When a whole nation grows mad in its hot endeavor to become rich and the Temple of the Most High is cumbered by the seats of money changers, already in some Gallilean village sits a youth, conscious of his Divine kinship, pleating a scourge of cords.

The gray garb of the Quaker is only a revulsion from a flutter of ribbons and a towering headgear of hues that shame the lily and rival the rainbow. Beau Brummel, lifting his hat with great flourish to nobility and standing hatless in the presence of illustrious nobodies, finds his counterpart in William Penn, who was born with his hat on and uncovers to no one. The Come-Outer is one who by his life protests against an idle, vain, voluptuous, selfish life. When insincerity, vanity, and gourmandism grow glaringly offensive, certain men and women will "come out" and stand firm for plain living and high thinking. And were it not for this divine principle in humanity that causes individuals to separate from the mass when sensuality threatens to hold supreme sway, the race would be snuffed out in hopeless night.

These men who come out are the true and literal saviors of mankind.

## The Work of the Congress.

Dear Editor:—

It is now some weeks since I received from you a brief note reminding me of the approaching gathering of the Liberal Religious Congress at Indianapolis, and asking of me some token of my remembrance and sympathy with its work. I can have no need to say to you that so far as I may understand the aims and the announced purposes of this band of brethren and devoted doers, I am thoroughly with them.

I once heard Rev. O. B. Frothingham say from its platform—he was then president of the Free Religious Association—that it was the aim and the proper mission of that organization to stand as a spiritual anti-slavery society. It was something, was much, in those days to seek to draw people in the different religious folds,—and those, we may say, of no fold as well,—out from their prejudices, their narrow conceits, their gratuitous and arrogant assumption of superior claim, to some ground of mutual recognition, and some measure of fraternity and fellowship. A large part of our life has to be spent in clearing away obstructions, to purge the mind of its false and unworthy concepts, and prepare the way for the reign in the spirit of the true ideal. The *New York Tribune* many years ago declared that a very considerable portion of our existence here on earth has to be devoted to the business of getting rid of our dead selves. This is said in reference to the requirement of maintaining constantly personal cleanliness, and keeping up the needed sanitation day by day in our homes. The same holds of the mind, of the intellectual and spiritual life.

The Free Religious Association, to its lasting honor be it spoken, did much and very valuable work in this direction. It bore emphatic testimony for enlargement and soul-freedom. It cost much to do this, but the result in deliverance from various bondage in the religious world, compensated abundantly for the expenditure. But the protest did not carry far. No structure can be built up on negations; no



quickening faith grows on the soil of denials. This, however, it is in justice to be said, did not cover all that the association just named accomplished. It did some, and that very valuable, work, of a positive character. It drew important affirmations, and contributed thoughts of genuine value upon the nature and scope of religion in its breadth and universality and the fields for its realization, that must be of permanent work for the aid and guidance of all workers who shall come after. Still it holds true, and that for reasons not needful here to state, that the association did never advance far in this direction. It never attempted in any considerable degree to articulate anything here, and whether viewed under speculative or practical aspects—and particularly the former—the task well opened by that body of able, earnest and most highly cultured men, must remain for others who may come after, to study, to assay, and, if possible, to master.

I trust the time has come and the workers are at hand who shall be able to go forward, to weigh and to solve some of the exceedingly difficult and subtle questions that must arise, and command attention whenever we attempt to advance and close in with the positive and pressing problems in the religious upbuilding and life. I have neither the time nor space here to hint at these, but may say that the men and women who are now emerging to the front in religious reform, will doubtless ponder and most carefully consider whatever may belong to the positive, the institutional, in the new and free faith that must command the allegiance of the emancipated minds that are to be the active workers in the inauguration of the great religious life of the future. What place shall the cultivation directly of the religious nature occupy, the use of means, express and purposeful, to quicken the reverence, wake to new strength the aspiration, and gird up the loins of resolve, to do with a man's determination of the great tasks that lie before and summon all? Is there danger that in exceeding devotion to the practical with which all movements for reform are naturally and almost of necessity intensely occupied, the claim of the sentiment for recognition, and the use of means fittingly and appropriately to heighten and exalt it so that it shall be a powerful factor for exalting the tone and renewing perpetually the strength of the human spirit, be overlooked or unduly subordinated and forgotten? We are the better, says Pythagoras, for approaching the gods, and I am impelled to believe there will be always a place required for reflection, thought, quiet self-communing, and reinvigoration of the being, in the inner sanctuary of the soul, and in what just proportion shall the mingling be of thought with action, meditation with performance, aspiration unbroken trust, with resolute, invincible joining in the great conflicts of the world,—so uniting these into one that there shall be no peril besetting that the one may be lost or sacrificed in steadfast devotion to the other?

And worship in its truly exalted sense,—how far does it imply or involve the adoration and invocation of a *person*? Must it inevitably, in order to be worship, fasten upon and rest in the personal concept? May or may not the thought rise to such ethereal height of perception that it shall feel that to ascribe to deity personality is to be guilty of doing some injustice to the idea within of that reality that transcends all limitation, all determination even, that one supreme, ineffable, for whom imagination has no concept and language no name; of whom we may say with Minucius Felix, "They alone worthily conceive of Him, who declare He is past conception." And how may this light insupportable best be tempered to human eyes, be made apprehensible to human vision, so that it may see the unseen, and the soul worship exaltedly and purely, without taint of unworthiness or any degradation?

Are there not questions hinted here that may well engage the thought and tax the strength of the most robust minds for years, mayhap ages, to come? Those who have gone before, our brothers of the Free Religious Association, and also numbers of brave men and women in the West who have valiantly witnessed for intellectual and spiritual liberty

have done well, exceeding well, and we will bless their names and memory unceasing. But the word is still Onward. We will, let us say, better the instruction; will, please God, do all that they have done and larger and more. "We best honor the memory of our departed heroes," says Max Müller, "not by halting where they fell, but by advancing to new conquests."

I can realize in some degree the austere character of the problems, the immense difficulties of the task which the brethren of the Liberal Congress have, if they would be faithful to their high trust, to meet and wrestle with. It is no easy or partial and superficial work that summons; it is deep as the spiritual nature, high as the transcendent possibilities and ultimate destiny of man. It bears to seas uncharted, unexplored, unknown hitherto, to regions where no book, precedent, or history, will avail for direction or sufficing guide.

Heaven grant that these brave, dauntless hearts may be equal to the great requirement, may have the swift perception, clear vision and resolve unending needed for their august mission of such happy augury for society and mankind! Gladly will the undersigned watch their deliberations, mark their conclusions of mature wisdom, welcoming with delight all the successes gained, the conquests assayed, wrested and won. Gratefully will he follow upon the ascending path their glowing torch shall reveal and illumine.

CHARLES DE B. MILLS.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of UNITY:

I am not quite sure that I understand the first point which my very appreciative and reasonable critic, F. W. S., makes against my little book, "Anarchy or Government?" in THE NEW UNITY for October 29; but if I do, I should say that the logical basis of social coercion in the interest of defensive war, is that if individuals are not coerced the tribe or community may be extinguished. If the unpatriotic citizens could submit themselves to foreign domination, or even extermination, without the risk of bringing ruin to the group to which they belong, I confess I cannot see why they should be denied an abstract right to do so. By a "right" here I mean a liberty,—and liberty I think it is always better to concede to people, when no grave social interests are likely to be injured by it. But I deny that it is wrong to abridge liberty when social interests are involved. In other words, it is right to limit "rights"—or, what is the same, there are no absolute rights against social welfare. All the same I hold it is always better to concede liberty where possible. This is my general *a priori* ground, to which F. W. S. takes exception when I turn it round by the equivalent assertion that government (in itself considered) is an evil.

By such an assertion I, however, by no means wish to deny that *direction and control* are necessary in most forms of social coöperation. It is direction and control that one must submit to, *willy-nilly*, about which alone reasonable question can be made—and it is this peculiar sort of direction and control that I wished, if possible, to get the logic of. "Government" may, of course, be used in different senses, as I indicated at the outset of my book, but *taken in the general sense*, I should not have felt it necessary to write a book about it. It was government enforcing itself, the phenomena we call state, with its compulsory taxation, its police and its courts, that I had been puzzling over. I asked myself, how could government *in this sense* be justified?

The dissimilarity of government from private associations is, I think, shown in a fact like this: If I do not pay my dues in a private society, I may, indeed, as F. W. S. remarks, be turned out of the society, and so it may seem that I experience a form of compulsion; but in the state I have to pay my dues anyway (of course supposing I have the means), I should have to pay them even if I were exiled. I think no private association has the right thus to seize property—unless, indeed, it is delegated their right



by the state (and hence acquires the power of the state). In any case it is this compulsory power that I have sought to give some sort of rational account of, and I think any association that may use this compulsory power is in essence (whether directly or derivatively) a *political* as opposed to a *voluntary* association (supposing, of course, it is co-terminous with a certain territory).

As to the justification of the excuse of compulsory power on the part of the state, I have briefly discussed (pp. 65, 66, footnote) the specific justification which my critic offers, and cannot regard it as quite satisfactory. I think I cannot do better than quote my language, the force of which I am unable to see that my critic meets:

"But, in any case, it may be urged, am I not enjoying the protection of police and courts by the act of living in a society in which they exist, and may not the fact that I have never had to call on them explicitly be urged as the best possible testimony to the extent and efficiency of that protection? If, indeed, my act of residence in a police society were my own choice, there would, perhaps, be no way of meeting this argument and I should have to admit that taxing me for the support of courts and policemen would be justified without departing from individualistic premises. But as I am virtually forced to live here (or, if I go elsewhere, in societies that are similarly policed), I can hardly be equitably compelled to support one social arrangement when I might have preferred another—that is, on the individualistic or *quid pro quo* view of equity."

I need not say to those who have read my book that I find myself obliged to depart altogether from individualistic conceptions to get a satisfactory justification of the state. The state is the product of a society, not of individuals as such; and I am happy to find myself borne out in this view by Dr. W. W. Willoughby in his recent elaborate work, "The Nature of the State."

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Philadelphia, Nov. 4, 1896.

## The Prayer of the High Priest.

100 YEARS B. C.

The High Priest at the altar lingering stood—  
The service o'er.  
The worshipers, with faces kind and good,  
Passed from the door.

The Synagogue was empty; only one—  
A *child*—remained;  
With eager eyes as shining as the Sun  
He stood as chained.

"Kohen Gadol," said he, "When I grow  
To man's estate  
I hope that I shall know the things you know  
And be as great.

"And oh, I wish such glorious robes to wear  
As these of yours.  
Dear Master, intercede for me in prayer,  
For that secures

"What e'er you ask. And here—behold! I bring  
These beauteous flowers;  
Upon the brink of Kedron they did cling  
These many hours.

"Accept them. With the other blossoms—see?—  
Are here, so fair,  
The Valley Lilies; these I give to thee.  
Now, make thy prayer."

On that boy's head the High Priest—smiling—laid  
A kindly hand.  
He said: "My child, these *lilies*, here, have prayed;  
They understand

"As well as I, the mysteries of God.  
I ask for you  
Such raiment as the flowers of the sod  
When fresh with dew.

"Abide thou in thine innocence, for lo!  
The Great High Priest  
May even less of God—Jehovah—know—  
Than thou, the Least."

—Marie Harrold Garrison.

He who lives well is the best preacher.—Cervantes.

## The Sunday School.

*There is an instinct in the human heart  
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined  
Point surely to the hidden springs of truth.*

Lowell.

NOTES FROM THE TEACHERS' MEETING OF ALL SOULS  
CHURCH, CHICAGO.

BY E. H. W.

### VI. How the Arts of Life Began.

ACCORDING TO MYTH.

This lesson began with the Genesis story of Lamech and his sons, and was further enriched by readings from George Eliot's "Legend of Jubal." According to the Genesis account of the sons of Lamech, Jubal was the father of such as live in tents and have the care of cattle. He represented the pastoral life of the early community; the conservative side of primitive thought. Jubal was the father of such as handle the harp and organ, while Tubal-cain was the instructor of every artificer of brass and iron. How Jubal came to be master of sounds and taught different metals to respond to song, is the theme of George Eliot's legend. If we put in between the Genesis legend and George Eliot's modern version all we can learn about the rise of the useful arts, we shall have the raw material out of which this lesson may be quarried.

Elsewhere in Genesis we are told that the Lord God made garments of skins for Adam and Eve after they were driven out of Paradise. There would seem to be an implication in one or both these legends that men were taught the arts by direct inspiration. This theory has prevailed with many if not with all primitive races; and around such culture heroes as Tubal-cain among the Hebrews, Prometheus among the Greeks, and Hiawatha among our own Algonquin tribes, all the legends of the struggles, defeats and successes of primitive man on the road to the control of the material universe have freely gathered.

If we go back in imagination to the time when early man was struggling to escape from his ape-like helplessness, we shall come upon the discovery of fire. Upon this all the arts of life have been consequent and dependent.

Fire in the form of lightning sometimes struck the forest and kindled the dry wood into a conflagration. It was always feared and considered a direct visitation. But sometime, very far back, it was brought under control and applied to man's use. It was used in ceremonial ways long before it was applied to economic purposes. The earliest litanies we know are hymns and prayers to fire. The god Agni, the fire-god, was celebrated in the earliest Vedic hymns. It is not strange that a thing so benign when under control, so diabolical when free, should challenge the admiration and worship of primitive man. The Patagonians have still a caste whose only business it is to attend to the fires. When the tribe moves from one place to another, the ancestral guild of fire-tenders march at the head of the procession with the fire borne on their shoulders. The primitive fire-drill is preserved by many tribes as a sacred relic, and the fires used on the altars of many peoples must be kindled by a priest with a fire drill.

The Promethian legend or something akin to it is found in the lore of many races. Fire was so potent that it must not pass from the keeping of the gods. Prometheus took pity upon man and stole a spark, which he brought down to earth. At this the gods were so angry that they chained him to a rock, where he was forever gnawed by vultures.

One of the earliest of handicrafts was weaving baskets of rushes. When one wanted to carry water he learned to line his basket with clay. Afterward he plastered clay on the outside also, and, hanging his basket over the fire, he found out that the flame which would boil the water would bake the clay as well, and make the jar a permanent vessel. It was probably a long time before he learned that the basket might be omitted without detracting from the value of the pottery. The invention of the potter's wheel brought the manufacture to a high state of perfection.

The lesson led to a comparison of primitive conditions with those of the present day, and precipitated, in the class, a warm discussion of some of the social and ethical problems of the times.



## The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.*

### Helps to High Living.

SUN.—All true love is capable of expansion, and has hidden stores of force in reserve for future days.

MON.—Not a human life can God afford to spare; He requires all human life for the achievement of his great purposes.

TUES.—The great function of human life is the evolution of individual character.

WED.—Without human love, life would lose its greatest charm and its deepest meaning.

THURS.—The grave of a dear friend is a great teacher.

FRI.—Man's personality is the most splendid product of natural selection.

SAT.—Cannot men be content with the thought that they are the embodiment of the struggles and toils of the past, and that they are handing on to the future the legacy entrusted to them?

—Christopher J. Street.

### Going Through the Woods.

"I'm going through the woods to-day,  
Just like Red Riding Hood,  
To take my darling grandma  
This basket of something good.  
I will not meet a dreadful Wolf,  
'Cause mamma says there's none,  
And says God will take care of me  
And every little one.  
So I'm not a bit afraid, you know—  
Oh, my! what's dat I see?  
A wolf, I'm sure, oh, no, it's not,  
God will take care of me.

"It seems so far from Grandma's,  
And there's not a bit of sun;  
I know God will take care of me—  
But I think I'd better run."

*Selected.*

### A Youthful Artist.

Years ago, in England, a little girl, too poor to buy canvas and worsteds, was in the habit of gathering up the bits of wool that caught on the brambles and hedges, and after dyeing them with roots and berries, spun them for her needle. Scraps of cloth picked up about the shop doors served for canvas, and now and then a bright-colored bit of picture from the same source furnished a pattern. With this small stock of materials, the little maiden "set up" business, and soon acquired such skill that wealthy people began to notice her work. Better materials were supplied, though she insisted on still coloring her own wools, and through the influence of some of her new friends, she gained access to the picture galleries, with permission to copy at her pleasure. Working on, steadily and carefully, improving her one talent to the utmost, the time came when the little cottage could no longer hold either the pictures or the visitors; for, at the age of twenty, this artist of the needle had worked a hundred pieces. With these she opened a gallery, which was patronized by all the nobility, and Queen Victoria herself became her pupil in needle work. The proceeds of the exhibitions made a fine income and raised the family from poverty to affluence.

At her death, sixty years later, she willed to her royal pupil whichever picture she might see fit to select. After the queen had made her choice, the French emperor purchased, at a large price, the piece that pleased him best; and the rest were disposed of at public sale.—*Selected.*

## Mateless Pigeons.

"Pigeons are monogamous," said a raiser of those birds for market to a New York *Sun* writer, "and the female lays but two eggs. One of these is always the egg from which a male is hatched, and the other encloses the future female. If by any accident a cock pigeon loses its mate, or a hen pigeon becomes widowed, the sympathies of the entire cote go out to the afflicted brother or sister. If it should so happen that a cock should lose his mate and a hen hers, so that they are both mateless at the same time, the afflicted pair soon forget their griefs in a new life partnership, and all is serene.

"But if there is a widower in the cote, and no convenient widow for him to take to mate, or if there is a widow for whom no widower pigeon is on hand, something must be done to fill the vacancy. Upon the first hen pigeon to nest after the vacancy occurs falls the important duty. If she hasn't hatched her eggs yet, she promptly dumps one of the two out of the nest. She never makes a mistake in evicting the right one. If a widow is to be provided for, the hen throws out the egg containing her future daughter. If a widower is pining for a mate, she disposes of the son egg. If she has hatched her egg when a demand is made for her sacrifice, she ceases feeding the youngster who will be superfluous, and starves it to death. Pigeons grow fast, and squabhood over, the lone product of that nest becomes mate to the bereaved member of the flock."

### How Jessie's Doll Was Vaccinated.

"O-O, Fwed, can't me be doctor? Doo!" Jess coaxed. "An' you be the mamma—just only this one time, ple-eease!" Fred looked scornful enough. "Huh! me, the mother! Why, I wear pants! and what kind of a doctor'd you be, Jess? You're a girl!" Jessie's face fell and soft-hearted Fred had to hug her hard to comfort her.

"But they does have *her* doctors, Fweddie! Mamma showed one to me one week."

"O, well, of course they *have* 'em, but they don't never cure folks. Now, see here, Jess! I'll be doctor'n come 'n cure your children—that's the way." And Jess agreed.

Pretty soon as she sat in her little rocking chair singing "wock-a-bye" to her sickest dollie of all, there was a knock at the door, and in came Dr. Fred, with grandma's gold-bowed spectacles on his nose and his medicine in mamma's new shopping bag. He cleared his throat as Dr. Timbers always did, and began in a deep voice, "Ah, and how's the little boy's measles to-day?"

"Her isn't a little boy, an' her's got a smallpox *dreffly*—all brokek out."

"Hum!—ah—yes, lemme feel his tongue. Six hundred and 'leven! Madam, your child's got the most benignantest kind of smallpox. I shall be obliged to waxnate him." The shopping bag was opened and the doctor took out a pair of button-hole scissors and mamma's little ball of beeswax. Then he cleared his throat again. "Madam, remove the little boy's sleeve and hold out his left arm to me."

"Her *isn't* a little boy, I telled you—now. An' I'm afraid you'll kill her dead." But the doctor insisted, and so mamma Jess shut both eyes while he poked a hole in the patient's arm with the scissors.

Out came a little stream of sawdust. Jess opened one eye, spied it and squealed, "O-o, doctor, her's all a-emptyin' out! O-o, dear, O, dear." And she hugged up her baby and looked reproachfully at Dr. Fred.

"Huh! 'tain't nothing, she's only a-bleeding, same's they always does when they're waxnated. I'm going to stop her up with wax, that's what it *means*, anyway. There, see. Now, madam, you must soak her in spirits of turpentine and give her two grains o' common sense ev'ry six minutes." And with a low bow, the doctor departed, leaving Jess to rock poor dollie to sleep.—A. H. D. in *American Agriculturist*.



## Books and Authors.

### Patmos.<sup>1</sup>

In a scholarly way the author gives an exposition of the Apocalypse of St. John, and explains the symbols in the light of history. From the writers' standpoint this book is an interesting contribution to the subject.

E. L.

### Two Boys.<sup>2</sup>

The mystery of Lost River Canyon is finally solved by the two heroes, Bob Howard and George Edwards, both of them manly fellows and fast friends. The book is full enough of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes to delight any boy.

E. L.

### Psychology.<sup>3</sup>

Psychology is quite the thing now. There is great danger of its becoming the fad. It is a very poor woman's club, indeed, that has not its department in psychology, albeit this is a realm wherein angels fear to tread, an all-important realm of study, but the first requisite is humiliation, for it is a difficult, subtle, illusive field to explore. Perhaps Dr. Stanley Hall is one of the wisest guides in this shadow land, and he tells us that "this is a valuable contribution to the subject."

### A Novel.<sup>4</sup>

Randolph Mason, the central figure in these fine stories—each one of which, illustrates the weakness of certain laws to mete out punishment where it belongs—is a lawyer of great shrewdness, skilled in the technicalities of law, but devoid of all moral sense. In him the murderer, forger, gambler, or any unfortunate man with an aptitude for crime, finds one who can show them how to commit the most horrible wickedness and yet lay their plans so skilfully as to escape liability in any criminal tribunal. The book is cleverly written, shows the vulnerable points in human nature and what a wide distance too often exists between law and equity.

E. L.

### The Orient.<sup>5</sup>

Just letter text enough to justify the printing of a large number of beautiful, quaint and curious half-tone pictures of men and things along the Eastern Mediterranean shores, Constantinople, Beyrout, Damascus, Cairo and other places along the line. This must be a newspaper reporter with a camera. The pictures prove the camera, and the interview with the Pacha of Damascus prove the "nerve" of a reporter, for no other kind of a man would have had the cheek to do the audacious thing and the skill to dash it off so happily. It is the best bit of writing in the book.

### The Story of Aaron.<sup>6</sup>

In this book we meet again the queer people in Mr. Harris' wonder world. The inhabitants of Thimblefingers' country help to tell a fascinating story of slavery, war and emancipation. The letter text needs no commendation. The illustrations will attract the attention of the readers of THE NEW UNITY, for is not the artist our own "Oliver," Brooke Herford's son, and did not his pencil begin its diligence when a schoolboy in Chicago and at Antioch? The rabbits and the dogs, the pigs, the horses' heads are admirably done, as are also the three simple children who have been "touched," but we wish he could do better by

<sup>1</sup> Patmos, or The Unveiling. By Rev. Charles Beecher. Lee & Shephard. Price \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> The Mystery of Lost River Canyon. By Harry Castleman. Henry T. Coates & Co. Price \$1.25.

<sup>3</sup> Connection between Thought and Memory. By Herman T. Lukans, Ph. D. Docent in Clark University, with an introduction by G. Stanley Hall. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.; pp. 169. 90 cents.

<sup>4</sup> The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason. By Melville Davisson Post. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.00.

<sup>5</sup> The Edge of the Orient. By Robert Howard Russell. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.; pp. 288. \$2.00.

<sup>6</sup> The Story of Aaron, the Son of Ben Ali. By Joel Chandler Harris, illustrated by Oliver Herford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; pp. 198. \$2.00.

the horses' legs. They are reminiscent of the time when the inhabitants of his "Noah's Ark" served him as models. Altogether, when in search of a presentation book that will reach from the grandma of the lap to the grandchild in the lap, one will not go amiss in buying this one.

### The Nursery Book.<sup>7</sup>

Here comes to our table the third in the Garden Craft series, the first two being the Horticulturist's Rule Book, and Plant Breeding. The three constitute an indispensable triplet, inexpensive, beautiful and useful for every grower of plants and trees. It is difficult to express the satisfaction which a horticulturist feels in opening such hopeful volumes. Not one of them consists of a lot of borrowed stuff mostly of foreign extraction and not applicable to American conditions, but they have grown out of the life and work of one of the most enthusiastic and successful of America's horticulturists and gardeners. Professor Bailey fills a peculiar niche, being a sort of natural successor to both the Downings. His taste and his knowledge are about equal, which makes him a unique character as an author. I recommend these three books as most advantageous and almost invaluable adjuncts to personal effort in fruit growing. The time is come when we must be less dependent upon nurserymen, and everyone of us who has but a small yard or garden should know how to propagate our pets, how to breed our own stock in the vegetable kingdom, and to fight the enemy successfully which assails them. The present volume covers seedage, layerage, cuttage and graftage. It tells us all about the charming art of multiplying the beautiful and the useful. It is not an entirely new book, but has just reached its third edition. The Macmillan Company is doing wonders by its fine art in publishing to make such books true hand-books and table books for those who love the fine art of horticulture.

E. P. P.

### Country Life.<sup>8</sup>

The simple annals of the simple people of a little seafaring town on the Maine coast, told with such fidelity to nature and depicted with such a tender, sympathetic touch, that when we close the book we feel as if we had lived with them and loved them. Mrs. Blackett's gracious personality illumines the pages. "She had that final, that highest gift of heaven, a perfect self-forgetfulness. Sometimes, as I watched her eager, sweet, old face, I wondered why she had been set to shine on this lonely island of the northern coast. It may have been to keep the balance true, and make up to all her scattered and depending neighbors for other things which they may have lacked." Mrs. Todd's quaint, humorous philosophy of life is as delightful as the fragrance of her herb garden. She thought there was no tansy with such a snap to it as some that grew about the school-house lot. "Being scuffed down all the spring made it grow so much the better, like some folks that had it hard in their youth and were bound to make the most of themselves before they died." In planning a pleasure trip, men were carefully excluded from her list. "We don't want to carry no men folks, havin' to be considered an' takin' up all our time." The "Bowden reunion" was the great social event of the summer, when the families gathered from far and near. How distinctly the different members stand out, from the cobbler uncle, who was a "natural born general," to the cousin who had to be borne with "Thanks-givin' times an' funerals" because she was a relative. The breath of the pines, the sea breezes, and the fragrance of Mrs. Todd's herb garden, linger in the memory after the book is closed. We want to revisit the coast town of Dunnet and spend another summer with the good people who call it home.

E. L.

<sup>7</sup> The Nursery Book. A complete guide to the multiplication of plants. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Company, New York.

<sup>8</sup> The Country of the Pointed Firs. By Sara Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.



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## The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do  
good is my Religion."*The Universalist Western  
Conference, Oak  
Park, Ill.

I have been asked to give, for your paper, some account of the Western Universalist Conference, held at Oak Park, October 20-22. The request comes a little late, but still I am glad to put before your readers some facts and features of that meeting.

The resolutions passed at the Indiana Universalist Convention, and recently published in your paper, were so offensive to many of our preachers, and were deemed so contrary to the spirit and sentiment of the great majority of our ablest and most representative men, if not, indeed, of our entire church outside of that state, that we feel amply justified in giving the tone and spirit of this conference, which was vastly more liberal than the Indiana Convention, and a far more truly representative gathering of Universalists. In this conference were heard men able and eloquent, and of the freest, broadest, and most progressive type of thought; and men presiding over strong churches—such men as Rexford, Illman, White, McCallister, Johannot, and many others. A number of these men are deemed broad enough to be on the program of the Liberal Congress. Dr. Shutter, one of our broadest and ablest men, presiding over as strong a church as there is in our denomination, who was to have addressed us, was unavoidably detained. The Oak Park Church, where our meetings were held, is as free and broad as any church. Its pastor, Mr. Johannot, is of the broad type, and the church is strong and prosperous under his leadership. I have only given you a sprinkling of the names of those present who might be classed as broad men, whose faces are towards the light, and, from my own personal knowledge, we have a large and growing number of this type of men in our ranks East and West.

The conference was opened by a sermon from Dr. Canfield, which had the qualities of breadth and solidity. This was followed by a most impressive communion service. Dr. Rexford gave a broad, spirited and brilliant talk on "Christian Union Consistent with Denominational Distinctions," which delighted all hearers. Prof. E. H. Chapen

of Lombard University, gave an excellent paper on "Personal Union with Christ the Basis of Christian Union." Rev. Carl H. Henry of Cleveland gave a very fine paper on our young people's organization. Mr. Illman of Grand Rapids, Mich., gave a very able paper on "Christianity the Reforming Power." He took the spirit of Christianity—the Christianity of Christ—and showed what it might do for men and society. By many this was thought the ablest paper of the conference. It was full of fine thought, searching in analysis, broad and brave, and called out much applause, and strong commendation from the entire conference.

Dr. Nash, the new president of Lombard, gave a strong address on "The Duty of Liberals to Liberalism." Time and space are inadequate to report all the excellent things that were said and to do justice to all the speakers. No narrow or bigoted things were said in the conference. The general spirit of it was broad, free, rational, progressive—in violent contrast with the Indiana resolutions. It is true that we have men among us who are conservative, and a very few who are very conservative, and many who are counted broad, and an increasing number of these last who pride themselves in being as broad, free and progressive as anyone in any church. All these classes were represented in our conference. But the dominant spirit and utterance of the conference was broad, rational, progressive, and there was no discordant note.

JAS. GORTON.

CHICAGO.—In All Souls Church, Thursday evening, November 12, President David Starr Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University, addressed a full house, speaking on "The Bubbles of Saki, or the Way Out of Despair." The lecture was a noble protest against that pessimism of youth which is based on inexperience, and that sadder pessimism of maturer life which, the speaker said, has often its roots in the "dry rot of inaction." It was a plea for no rose-colored illusions, but for that clear-eyed optimism which, in seeing things as they are, still finds abundant prophecy of things as they ought to be. The key note was the pressing imminence of the present duty, the sacredness of the Now and Here. The address was packed and running over with concentrated and consecrated sense, of both the common and uncommon varieties.

CHICAGO.—The Free Religious Union of the University of Chicago held its first public meeting in Haskell Lecture Hall Tuesday evening, November 10. President Tarbell,

in calling the meeting to order, stated briefly the aims and hopes of the organization, reading from the constitution: "The object of the Union shall be to promote liberal religious thought and to cultivate the religious and moral life of its members." Any person connected with the University may, without regard to theological belief, become a member by signing the constitution.

The Rev. Mr. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass., was the speaker of the evening. His subject was "The Modern Conception of Religion," which he treated under three heads—the conception of the scope of religion, how religion comes, and its expression. He did not undertake to define it since, as he said, to all of us it means "love to God, love to man, spiritual insight and high incentive." In closing, Mr. Crothers urged the Union to cultivate a broad sympathy in trying to understand every man's attempt to express his religion.

At the meeting of November 17, the members will discuss "What Do We Mean by Religion?"

BOSTON, MASS.—Mr. and Mrs. Sprague have been laboring since September at the Church of the Unity. The New South congregation has been transferred to the Unity edifice for the time at least, and an effort is making to consolidate the two congregations into one. The problem of these two churches is how to survive after the constituency has moved into newer parts of the city, and it remains to be seen what can be done by consolidation. Mr. Sprague announces four sermons in November on the Church as follows:

November 8, The Mission of the Modern Church.

November 15, From Out the Sanctuary.

November 22, Where man meets God.

November 29, Selfishness before the Altar.

Mrs. Sprague, in addition to her work at the home church, is addressing Alliance and other meetings, and giving a lecture on Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras.

THE ILLINOIS STATE CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS, held under the auspices of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities, met at Springfield, Ill., on the 12th and 13th inst. The meeting was called by Gov. Altgeld, and was attended by upwards of one hundred men and women from the state, many of them directly connected with the charitable and associate institutions of the state. All political and sectarian lines were overlaid. The governor gave a thoughtful word

We wish we could make everybody believe that promptness is prevention; that there should be no delay when you are losing flesh and when you are pale, especially if a cough be present. The continued use of Scott's Emulsion in the early stages of lung affections does prevent the development of Consumption. Your doctor will tell you this is true and we state it without wishing to make any false claims or false promises. Free book tells more on the subject.

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of welcome, in which he said, "The purpose of this conference is to get the sunlight right down to the very lowest point that can be reached, so that there shall be no place in this great state of Illinois but what the sunlight reaches." Mrs. Flower, trustee of the State University, Judge Carter, of the County Court of Chicago, and Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, discussed the interests of the neglected and dependent children. Dr. Gapen, of the Institute at Kankakee. Dr. Brown, of the Board of Visitors of Cook County, and others discussed the interests of the insane. Dr. Wines let a flood of sunlight onto the county jails. Prof. Henderson presented the claims of the charity organization. One of the most sun-clear items of the program was the account of Rev. L. J. Duncan of Streator, of one year's progress of charity organization work in that mining town. Addresses were made by Jane Addams, Prof. Bamberger, of the Jewish Manual Training School of Chicago, H. H. Hart, of the Minnesota State Board of Charities, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. A permanent organization was effected, with the following officers: President, Jenkin Lloyd Jones; vice-president, Mr. Fay Lewis, Rockford; secretary, Mrs. John Lutz, Lincoln. These officers, with the secretary of the State Board of Charities, constitute the Executive Committee.

[Continued from November 5.]

## Mr. William Morris.

(REPRINTED FROM THE LONDON ATHENÆUM.)

What makes me think that Morris was greatly influenced by this canon is the fact that Morris could and did write humorous poetry and then withheld it from publication. For the splendid poem of "Sir Peter Harpdon's End," printed in his first volume, Morris wrote a humorous scene of the highest order, in which the hero said to his faithful fellow captive and follower John Curzon that as their deaths were so near he felt a sudden interest in what had never interested him before—the story of John's life before they had been brought so close to each other. The heroic but dull-witted soldier acceded to his master's request and the incoherent, muddle-headed way in which he gave his autobiography was full of a dramatic and subtle humor—was almost worthy of him who in three or four words created the foolish fat scullion in "Tristram Shandy." This he refused to print, in deference, I suspect, to a theory of poetic art.

In criticizing Morris, however, the critic is apt to forget that among poets there are those who, treating poetry simply as an art, do not press into their work any more of their own individual forces than the work artistically demands, while another class of poets are impelled to give full expression to themselves in every poem they write. It is to the former class of poets that Morris belongs.

Whatever chanced to be Morris' goal of the moment was pursued by him with as much intensity as though the universe contained no other possible goal, and then, when the moment was passed, another goal received all his attention. I was never more struck with this than on the memorable day when I first met him, and was blessed with a friendship that lasted without interruption for nearly a quarter of a century. It was shortly after he and Rossetti entered upon the joint occupancy of Kelmscott Manor on the Thames, where I was staying as Rossetti's guest. On a certain morning when we were walking in the fields Rossetti told me that Morris was coming down for a day's fishing with Geo. Hake, and that "Mouse," the Icelandic pony, was to be sent to the Lechlade railway station to meet them. "You are now going to be introduced to my fellow partner," Rossetti said. At that time I only knew of the famous firm by name, and I asked Rossetti for an explanation, which he gave in his usual incisive way. "Well," said he "one evening a lot of us

were together, and we got talking about the way in which artists did all kinds of things in olden times, designed every kind of decoration and most kinds of furniture, and someone suggested—as a joke more than anything else—that we should each put down five pounds and form a company. Fivers were blossoms of a rare growth among us in those days, and I won't swear that the table bristled with fivers. Anyhow, the firm was formed, but of course there was no deed or anything of that kind. In fact, it was a mere playing at business, and Morris was elected manager, not because we ever dreamed he would turn out a man of business, but because he was the only one among us who had both time and money to spare. We had no idea whatever of commercial success, but it succeeded almost in our own despite. Here comes the manager. You must mind your p's and q's with him; he is a wonderfully stand-off chap, and generally manages to take against people."

"What is he like?" I said.

"You know the portraits of Francis I. Well, take that portrait as the basis of what you would call in your metaphysical jargon your 'mental image' of the manager's face, soften down the nose a bit, and give him the rose-bloom color of an English farmer, and there you have him."

"What about Francis' eyes?" I said.

"Well, they are not quite so small, but not big—blue-grey, but full of genius."

And then I saw, coming towards us on a rough pony so diminutive that he well deserved the name of Mouse, the figure of a man in a wideawake—a figure so broad and square that the breeze at his back, soft and balmy as it was, seemed to be using him as a sail, and blowing both him and the pony towards us.

When Rossetti introduced me, the manager greeted him with a "H'm! I thought you were alone." This did not seem promising. Morris at that time was as proverbial for his exclusiveness as he afterwards became for his expansiveness.

Rossetti, however, was irresistible to everybody, and especially to Morris, who saw that he was expected to be agreeable to me, and most agreeable he was, though for at least an hour I could still see the shy

look in the corner of his eyes. He invited me to join the fishing, which I did. Finding every faculty of Morris' mind and every nerve in his body occupied with one subject, fishing, I (coached by Rossetti, who warned me not to talk about "The Defence of Guenevere") talked about nothing but the bream, roach, dace, and gudgeon I used to catch as a boy in the Ouse, and the baits that used to tempt the victims to their doom. Not one word passed Morris' lips, as far as I remember at this distance of time, which had not some relation to fish and baits. He had come from London for a few hours' fishing, and all the other interests which as soon as he got back to Queen's Square would be absorbing him were forgotten. Instead of watching my float, I could not help watching his face with an amused interest at its absorbed expression, which after a while he began to notice, and the following little dialogue ensued, which I remember as though it took place yesterday:

"How old were you when you used to fish in the Ouse?"

"Oh, all sorts of ages; it was at all sorts of times, you know."

"Well, how young then?"

"Say ten or twelve."

"When you got a bite at ten or twelve, did you get as interested, as excited, as I get when I see my float bob?"

"No."

The way in which he said, "I thought not," conveyed a world of disparagement of me as a man who could care to gaze upon a brother angler instead of upon his own float.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

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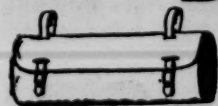
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And daffodils show their fretted gold,  
Or violets waken from winter's death  
To smile once more on the dreary wold!  
If broom would gleam on the blackened  
heath  
And croziered ferns unfold!

Will the sun shine as it used to do,  
The sky forget to be grey and cold,  
And white clouds float through the dreaming  
blue

That never is faded or tired or old?  
Will there be glad songs all day through,  
And new-born lambs in the fold?  
*Sunday Magazine.* —Emily Howson Taylor.

### To Have Health and Happiness Use "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

One of the wonders of the coming Paris Exposition will be a 360-foot tower, in which the scientists will experiment with a pendulum to ascertain if it is possible to detect or demonstrate the motion of the earth. A similar experiment was once made by Foucault under the cupola of the Pantheon, but the result was far from satisfactory. In the coming experiment the pendulum will be 350 feet in length, with a steel globe weighing 180 pounds at its end.—*Boston Transcript*.

### Annual Clergy Permits for 1897.

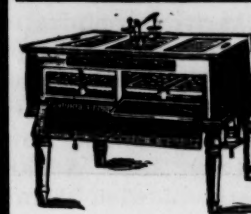
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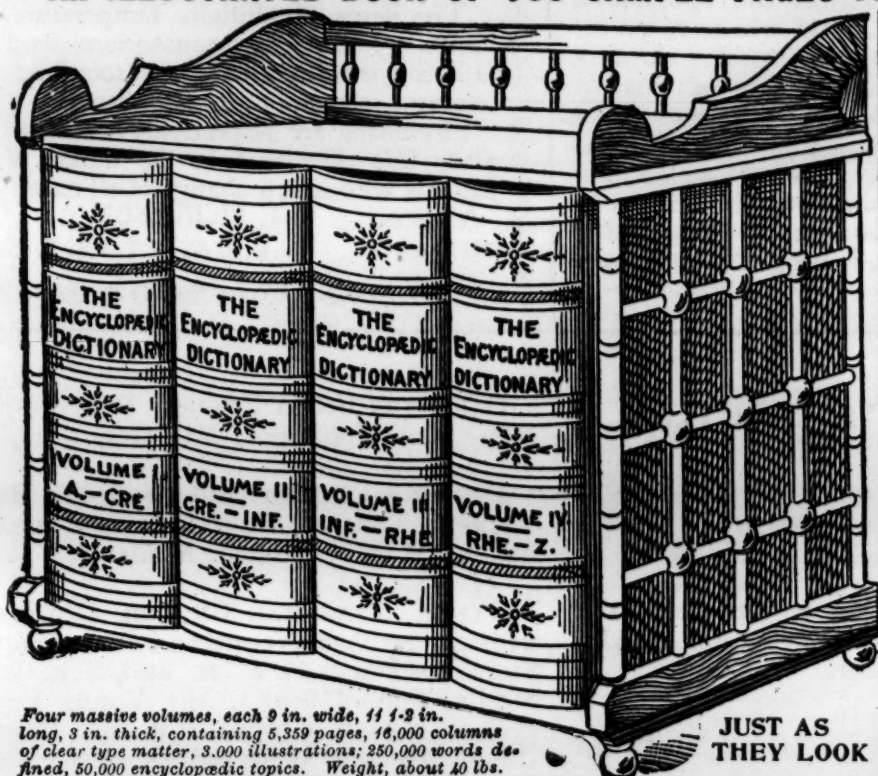
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